

# Tom Odell, Half As Good As You (ft. Alice Merton)

I'm sick to death of eating breakfast on my own  
starting out my Daily blues  
I'm sick to death spilling coffee on my phone  
scrolling through pictures of you  
I'd like to say that maybe we could work it out  
but I know that it's no use

if I ever find anyone  
half as good as you  
I think maybe that would do

I kissed a stranger in the hallway late 1st night  
he was wearing purple shoes  
I asked when he kissed me  
could he close his eyes  
and he just looked at me confused  
and people say my expectations are too high  
but I'm not asking for the moon

if I ever find anyone  
half as good as you  
I think maybe that would do  
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I think maybe that would do

I'm so sick of lying here  
I'm so sick of counting tears  
comparing everyone to you  
I'm so sick of waiting here  
it's so frustrating  
my suspicions are you're lying there  
and think it of me too

I learnt the lyrics yesterday to all your songs  
there was one I couldn't do  
I think the lyric went  
you'll miss me when I'm gone  
but the chords I was confused  
I'd ask you round and you could tell me where I'm wrong  
but then I know you'd just refuse

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